

DIME NOVEL ROUND-UP

A monthly magazine devoted to the collecting, preservation and literature of the old-time dime and nickel novels, libraries and popular story papers.

Vol. 37 No. 12

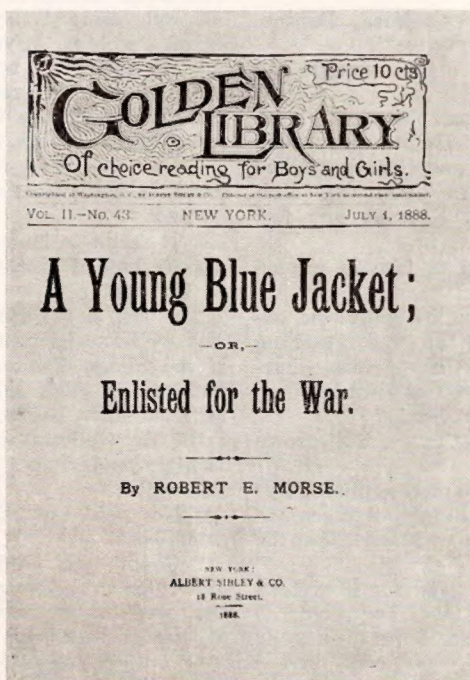
December 15, 1968

Whole No. 435

The Anatomy of Dime Novels

#13 Temperance Stories
(Conclusion)

By J. Edward Leithead



DIME NOVEL SKETCHES NO. 108

GOLDEN LIBRARY

Publisher: Albert Sibley & Co., 18 Rose Street, New York. Dates: Oct. 1, 1886 to Dec. 15, 1889. Schedule of Issue: Semi-monthly. Issues: 78 possibly more. Price: 10c. Size: 8¼x6 inches. Pages: 64. Illustrations: Numerous black and white illustrations within the text with a frontispiece. No cover illustration. Contents: Alger-type success stories sprinkled with adventure, war and western stories of a more subdued tone than most dime novels. Reprintings of earlier stories began with No. 75.

The Anatomy of Dime Novels

#13 Temperance Stories (Conclusion)

By J. Edward Leithead

"Mr. Van Dyke sighed heavily. 'My son, if I can only manage to keep you out of it I shall be happy.'

"Just then they were disturbed by a ring of the door-bell. A servant opened the door and Charlie Denton asked:

"How is Cyril today?"

"Oh, Mr. Denton!" exclaimed Mrs. Van Dyke, who had followed the servant part way to the door. 'Do come in and see him. He is acting so strangely.'

"The deuce!" exclaimed Denton. 'Does he know anything?'

"Yes, he seems bright enough, but —acts like a boy.'

"Well, maybe the blow has befuddled him somehow. He'll come around all right, I guess,' and Charlie walked into the room where Cyril was. 'Hello, Cyril, old boy! How do you feel today?'

"Cyril looked up at him in a puzzled way.

"Charlie Denton, by golly! he exclaimed, springing up and grasping his hand. 'How you have grown, Charlie. I didn't know you at first.'

"The deuce you didn't!"

"No. You're big as a full-grown man.'

"So are you,' Denton replied. 'You have a mustache bigger than mine.'

"Cyril felt of his mustache, then he laughed:

"That's pretty good for a sixteen year old boy, isn't it?" he asked.

"I should say so. How does your head feel?"

"Oh, it's buzzing away like a thousand hornets."

Eventually, Dr. Adams calls a New York physician in for consultation over Cyril's case; the examination of his wound, plus questioning, takes three hours. "The doctors came to an agreement that the blow had given him such a shock as to entirely obliterate from memory every incident of his life back to the time he was sixteen years old, thus reducing him to that age again!"

"Mr. Van Dyke was astounded, Mrs. Van Dyke nearly fainted.

"But, doctor,' the agonized father asked, 'will he never get over it?'

"He will grow up as strong mentally as before,' replied the doctor, 'but you may have to re-educate him from sixteen years up.'

"Oh, we don't mind that if his mind is not affected,' exclaimed the mother.

"It seems to be as strong and clear as any boy of sixteen could be,' stated the doctor.

"In ten days Cyril's head wound was well and he went into the streets of the village. The small boys he knew nothing of. The schoolmates of his boyhood days he recollected.

"I say, fellows,' he said to Charlie Denton and Lew Terrell, 'let's go fishing!'

"No,' said Lew, 'let's go and have some beer.'

"Good!' said Denton. 'I'm dry as a powder mill, Come on,' and he led the way to a saloon, where three glasses of beer were ordered.

"To their surprise Cyril drank his and called for another. That was the beginning. Everybody asked him to

DIME NOVEL ROUNDUP—Vol. 37, No. 12, Whole No. 435, December 15, 1968
Published monthly at 821 Vermont St., Lawrence, Kansas 66044. Edited by Edward T. LeBlanc, 87 School St., Fall River, Mass. 02720. Second class postage paid at Lawrence, Kansas. Assistant Editor, Ralph F. Cummings, 161 Pleasant St., South Grafton, Mass. 01560. Subscription: \$3.00 per year. Ad Rates—9c per word, \$1.50 per column inch; \$3.25 per quarter page, \$4.50 per half page and \$7.50 per page. Ads should be submitted by the 15th of the month in order to assure publication in the following month's issue.

drink. He was so intoxicated one night that Denton and Terrell put him to bed in a room over one of the saloons. Of course, Mr. Van Dyke soon heard from some of his acquaintances that Cyril, 'the model young man,' was frequenting saloons. He questioned Cyril, who readily admitted it, adding:

"Where's the harm? All the boys do it."

"Promise me you won't drink—"

"Nixey—nary promise," said Cyril, whistling and walking out of the room to escape further lecture on the subject.

"That evening Cyril went out and met several young men at Maxwell's saloon, where he drank like an old toper, finally staggering home. At the door he gave several wild whoops that came near frightening his mother and sisters out of their wits. Mr. Van Dyke sprang out of bed and rushed downstairs.

"Stop that noise," he cried angrily. "Go to your room. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, you ungrateful boy!"

"Set 'em up, fellows!" Cyril yelled again. "I'm the wild colt of Glenham! Whoop!"

"His father reached to seize him by the collar. Cyril flung out his right arm and swept his father backward over a chair, and then went on toward his room.

"First it was drink, then gambling. Cyril, with Charlie and Lew, went to New York, and Terrell, who'd been there before, led them to a gambling den. Being Cyril's first visit, everything seemed novel and attractive. They stopped at a faro layout. Terrell knew the game and plunged. He lost several dollars in a few minutes and had to borrow from Cyril. This time Lew won, and kept on winning until, in an hour, he had won over three hundred dollars.

"That's an easy way to make money," remarked Cyril. "I'm going to try my hand at it."

"Why, you don't know anything about it," said Terrell, pocketing his winnings.

"Neither do you," retorted Cyril.

"It's nothing but luck. Here goes," and he placed ten dollars on a card.

"They waited quietly for the turning of the card out of the deal-box. It came up and he won. He doubled it and again he won.

"You certainly are a fool for luck!" exclaimed Terrell, and Denton nodded agreement."

But Cyril kept doubling his bets and winning as if he'd played faro all his life. He had the dealer worried. Calling it beginner's luck just didn't seem to fit the case. A stranger on the sidelines is very much interested. He's a gambler himself—name, James Henderson—and he gives Cyril a good sum in cash to play for him. With such luck as Cyril has they both win a tidy amount in chips by the latter breaking the bank.

The boys go to Delmonico's for dinner. They have some drinks, and meet an old gentleman, Mr. Doublegood, from Glenham, who is supposed to be a teetotaler. He gets very mellow, as do the boys. Wishing to keep on their good side the old man invites them to accompany him to Central Park. But he is tight-fisted and wants to go by street car when he learns that a carriage will cost the four of them eight dollars.

"Why, the cars run right up to the park," protested Doublegood.

"So do a thousand trucks and hand-carts," retorted Terrell, "but we don't travel on that line. No five-cent fare ride for us," and then he hailed a carriage, which promptly swung up to the curb."

On the way to Central Park, they stopped at a saloon, tanked up on brandy half-and-half, although Doublegood had ordered Madeira. They pushed on for Central Park. Doublegood grew very noisy, ditto the boys, until a policeman stopped the carriage. Terrell and Mr. Doublegood resisted arrest and the "knight of the locust" gave the yelling oldster a tap with his billy.

"The entire party was arrested, taken to the station-house and locked up and drunk and disorderly. They remained there till the next morning. Over \$1,600 was found on Cyril Van

Dyke's person and smaller sums on the others. They were taken to court and fined ten dollars each. Their names were published in the daily papers, to the great scandal of all Glenham next day.

"Mr. Van Dyke, as soon as he heard of Doublegood's return and there was no sign of Cyril, called on the old man and asked where his son was.

"With Denton and Terrell, all of them on a spree. Cyril had at least a thousand dollars with him."

"I can't imagine where he got so much money, if you're correct about it," said the startled Van Dyke, hoping they hadn't robbed a bank. "I'll have to go to New York at once and look for him."

"In New York he went to police headquarters, told his story to the chief, who detailed a detective to find Cyril and his companions. Mr. Van Dyke then returned to Glenham.

"After Cyril paid the fine for himself and friends, they went to a restaurant for breakfast, drank two bottles of wine between them, then started out in quest of more adventures. With the money Cyril had there was no trouble about finding adventure. In one of the many bars they met James Henderson, the gambler they had run across at the gambling den where Cyril made his big winning.

"Henderson seemed delighted to meet them again and bought drinks and when they were all three ripe for anything, he suggested, 'Say, fellows, let's go to a place I know nearby and try our luck at cards. I know Van Dyke can break any bank in town.'

"You may bet on that as long as your money will last," boasted Cyril. 'Come on and see me rake in the dollars.'

"Henderson piloted them around the block to a narrow entrance to a flight of dimly lighted stairs, up to a room outfitted with all the paraphernalia of a gambling-joint. At first Cyril won several hundred dollars, and the other two poured down the wine in celebration of his success till they were dead drunk and asleep

in their chairs. Then the tide of fortune turned and Cyril began to lose.

"At the end of four hours he hadn't a dollar to stake on the game. He leaned his head on his arms, crossed on the table top and slept. The three awoke in darkness, save for the little light that came through the two windows at the end of the room. Henderson, the dealer, was gone. Except for the table and the chairs they sat in, the room was bare of everything but themselves.

"They went down the dark narrow stairs to the street. It was past midnight and but few people were to be seen. The saloons were closed except in those localities where they kept open all night. To one of these places they went and asked for drinks, pledging themselves to pay for them the next morning.

"Get out, you dead beats!" cried the barkeeper. 'You can't come that game on me.'

"We are not beats!" protested Denton. 'We have been robbed.'

"And you want to rob me in turn, eh? You'll not do it! Get out!"

"I can lick you, though," cried Cyril, springing over the bar and clutching the bartender by the throat.

"Then a desperate struggle ensued. They were well matched in strength and courage. The bar was battered, many bottles and glassware were smashed, and the fight might have resulted in the death of one or the other had not two policemen rushed in, separated and arrested them.

"The moment the police entered, Denton and Terrell slipped out the door and got away.

"It's no use our being locked up when we have no money to pay a fine," said Charlie, as they made good time toward Broadway.

"Yes; Cyril was a fool to start that fight."

"While seated at the breakfast table that morning, Mr. Van Dyke received a telegram from the Chief of the New York Police Department to the effect that Cyril was at police headquarters under serious charges, Cyril's father took the next train to the city.

"What is the charge against my boy?" he asked the minute he was closeted with the Chief.

"He committed aggravated assault on a barkeeper last night," was the reply, 'almost killing the man and nearly wrecking the bar and back-bar.'

"My God!" exclaimed the agonized father. 'I'll have to send him to the insane asylum. He is not responsible for what he does.'

"I am inclined to think the law will hold him responsible, nevertheless, Mr. Van Dyke," replied the Chief of Police. 'He appears perfectly sane and very vicious.'

"Can I see him?"

"The meeting between father and son was like others that had gone before. Cyril seems to think that being called a "dead beat" by the bartender (for which the barman was really excusable) was good cause for beating the fellow half to death. Mr. Van Dyke says the fault was Cyril's for being in bad company. "Oh," retorted Cyril, with his irresponsible shrug, 'we were set on a lark and not doing any harm.'

His father storms, "No harm! Only twice arrested and locked up in as many days."

"I want to get out of here," Cyril said, 'and go home.'

"And that you cannot do," stated Mr. Van Horn. 'I can only employ a lawyer to defend you, for you are to be tried in court for your attack on the barkeeper, who is in the hospital.'

Cyril Van Dyke, in due time, was tried, convicted in spite of all the defense attorney could do, and sentenced to State prison for a year. His mental condition, with Dr. Adams on the stand, was treated as something non-existent by the prosecution. He was stigmatized a dangerous character and certainly didn't help his case by threatening the judge and jury with bodily harm after being sentenced. Appealing his case did no good after that. His mother was prostrated with grief, his father and sisters scarcely less stricken by Cyril's behavior.

"One evening, nine months after he had entered State prison, the Van Dyke family were seated in the parlor of their comfortable home, when a sudden crash startled them. The glass of a side window, shattered, rattled on the sill and floor, and the closely cropped head of Cyril protruded through the jagged aperture.

"Ha! ha!" he laughed, as his mother and sisters sprang up in alarm. 'How's all at home?'

"It's our boy, wife!" exclaimed Mr. Van Dyke.

"Mrs. Van Dyke fell in a faint, and her husband ran out of the house to meet Cyril.

"Why, Cyril," he said, grasping his hand, 'how did you get here? How did you get out?'

"They said I had behaved well and therefore I could go without serving out the balance of the term. I say, I'm hungry."

"He followed his father into the house, still wearing his convict garb

"You must take off those prison clothes and dress yourself in your own. You will look fit then to meet your mother and sisters, all of whom are very much upset by your unexpected arrival."

"Yes, that's so," Cyril, accompanied by Mr. Van Dyke, went to his room, divested himself of the striped suit and got into a suit of his own. He then asked:

"Got anything to drink in the house?"

"Yes, you can have tea, coffee or milk, my son."

(You know Cyril's answer; and I'd like to remark here that, before I finished reading the yarn, I thought Cyril had broken jail; but no, his sentence had really been shortened by good behavior—something hard to believe considering his mental condition. I was a little surprised, too, that the author had made the error of sending Cyril home in his prison clothes and with not even a thin dime in his pocket. No prisoner who had served his time would be turned loose in that fashion. Furthermore, Cyril or the prison authorities would have informed the family of his coming release

and the business of announcing himself by smashing a parlor window was unnecessary (although you could lay it to his mental aberration. This scene is drawn for the cover of the novel, the usual good delineation by Tousey's very talented artist).

Cyril left home again that night, unable to borrow any money from his father. At Maxwell's saloon he met Charlie Denton. He told Charlie, "I'm dead broke. If you can raise me ten dollars, I'll go over to New York and buck that tiger again." Denton lends him the ten-spot and enough for a one-way ticket.

When he doesn't return home, his father looks up Denton, who gets mad when Mr. Van Dyke accuses him of being the cause of Cyril's downfall. Denton clams up about Cyril, but the father finally learns where Cyril has gone through Lew Terrell.

Terrell, suspecting Cyril's destination, heads for New York and the gambling-den where Cyril made his big winning. He finds that the latter had already won \$2,000. Cyril doesn't even look up at Lew, though he must have known Terrell was there, hearing him speak to Denton, who had joined Cyril in New York. When the latter has won \$4,000, the faro dealer calls a halt, and Cyril cashes his chips.

Cyril goes out with his two friends to eat, splitting his winnings with Denton, who had staked him. "After the meal, Terrell persuaded them to return to Glenham. On the way to the train they caught sight of Henderson, the gambler who had led them to the deadfall where they were drugged and robbed, on a street corner talking to another man.

"There he is, the scoundrell!" hissed Cyril, darting across the street toward the pair.

"Catch him, Charlie!" cried Lew, darting after Cyril. "Don't let him get sent up again!"

"Both young men pounded the pavement in hot pursuit and were about to overtake Cyril when a wagon drove between them and their friend. Ere they could get by the wagon,

Cyril had reached Henderson and grasped him by the throat, and was fast choking the life out of him. Henderson struggled desperately to free himself, but was in the grip of a madman, and he began to sink to the ground, his face growing black and eyes protruding.

"Let go or I'll brain you!" cried Henderson's friend, raising the heavy cane he carried.

"You thief! You robber!" panted Cyril, forcing the gambler to his knees on the sidewalk.

"Henderson was on the point of collapse when the heavy cane came down on Cyril's head with a thud, and both fell to the pavement together.

"You have killed him!" cried Lew, stooping over Cyril.

"Maybe I have," replied the stranger, "but he was killing my friend."

"Lew and Charlie pulled Cyril off Henderson, found him unconscious and bleeding profusely from a head wound. Henderson gasped for breath and groaned, but soon recovered. The police stepped in and called an ambulance to take Cyril to a hospital. Terrell and Denton went along. One of the surgeons at the hospital asks Terrell, "Is this the young man who was hurt a year ago in Glenham and had such a peculiar experience afterward? I read of it in the paper."

"Yes," said Lew.

"Do you know on which side his first wound was? I would like to know."

"I don't, but I'll telegraph his father, Mr. Van Dyke, at Glenham."

(Even if the first serious head wound hadn't left a scar—which it should have—the author has overlooked the fact that both Terrell and Denton had seen Cyril after he was injured at the picnic and must know on which side he was struck).

Anyway, the telegram brought the whole Van Dyke family to the hospital, and, as you may guess, the second blow put Cyril again in possession of his right mind. And here let us leave them, the rejoicing family, and for Cyril no more WINE AND CARDS.

The End

CAPTAIN WALTER WILEY, THE "WINDJAMMER," AND THE "MARINE MARVEL", or, THE TERRIBLE AND TERRIFIC TELLER OF TALL TALES IN TIP TOP

By Gerald J. McIntosh

Cap't. Walter S. Wiley, "The Windjammer," "The Marine Marvel," and also known by other names, was one of the best known characters in the Tip Top Weekly. Anyway, he was one of the loudest. There are those I know who did not like him and his big "windies," but I enjoyed and laughed at them a lot. I have all my years been a collector of Tall Tales.

Away back in 1928 in his Happy Hours Magazine No. 23, Ralph Smith gave us an article on Cap't Wiley from the hand of our late Wm. M. Burns that told us something of the Captain as he was in real life. Bill Burns knew a lot about him. He lived in the area in which Wiley cavorted all his life. Bill says he was really a Captain of a small sea-going vessel in his early days which carried lime from Rockland, Maine, to Boston. He was also a ball player of no little ability, his role being that of a pitcher as well as all round utility man when needed. Burns saw Wiley in more than one ball game and says he really knew the game. From this story I suppose the most of us learned the most of what we knew about Wiley outside of his fictional feats.

Gilbert Patten must have had an acquaintance of long standing with Wiley before he introduced him as a character in the pages of Tip Top. In Tip Top No. 261, Patten dwells somewhat on him in a footnote at the bottom of two of the pages. Patten tells us that Wiley was the only person he ever knew who had any luck whatever in partially mastering Frank Merriwell's "double-shoot" curve. This was long before Wiley roared into Tip Top in No. 383. The way in which he brought his balloon down onto the field where Dick Merriwell was engaged in a ball game, the balloon containing a whole baseball team whose names were composed of sea terms, is one of the few highly improbable stories of the whole Merriwell saga.

Still, I guess it could have happened; there were no aeroplanes in those days, you know. The Wright brothers had not even gotten their machine off the ground at Kitty Hawk, as yet.

Wiley always had an answer to any question that would be put to him and his yarns were the delight of those within earshot of him. It would be folly to try and enumerate them. One of his best and the shortest one that comes to mind can be told in about three lines. Being chased by a lion in a jungle one time he quickly realized he must do something quick in order to save his life. Stopping and facing the lion he grabbed and pried open its jaws; then thrusting his hand down the lion's throat he ran it all through the beast, grabbed the tail and turned the lion inside out so that the big cat started running in the other direction, thus saving the Captain.

Wiley was forever "broke." But when he was out of funds or the "needful" as he expressed it, he had a way of finagling that was modest to all extremes. Just prior to the start of the Blue Hills series in Tip Top, he and Chester Arlington formed a "partnership" in the matter of making up a team that was to participate in the games to be played.

Of course a small financial sum was involved in this "deal" and Wiley though perhaps having his necessary part called Chester's attention to the fact that he had to contribute to the expenses necessary to carrying the matter to a conclusion. On the other hand Wiley might have been plumb broke. Chester had known Wiley of old and should have been wise to the wiles of the Captain and evidently forgot to remember. Chettie was most always "flush" with coin of the realm due to his doting mother's influence and so he readily forked over the necessary amount. However, when he learned that this proposed team was to be headed by Dick Merriwell,

his hated enemy, and composed of Dick's chums, well, that was another story. He instantly rebelled, demanding his money back. The air was blue with his vituperations against Wiley and the scheme from beginning to end. But was "little Walter" as he liked to refer to himself, rattled? Not in the least. A bargain was a bargain, he insisted. Arlington railed in vain against the Captain. (This is probably where some of his unprintable aliases come in). And to this day Chet hasn't gotten his money back, so far as I know. This is just a sample of how the Captain always managed to keep himself in ready funds.

Cap't Wiley was not without his faults as has been shown, but he also had some redeeming virtues, though he was more on the "take" than the "give" end of any situation. He was most gracious when it didn't cost HIM. All through his ramblings in Tip Top he was continually worried —. Whoa! Did I say worried? Well, wrong again. The Captain never worried for he wasn't the worrying kind. But he was eternally expressing his regret that he hadn't paid Bill Dyer, the barber, the two-bits he owed him for a shave. He was always on the lookout for Bill and sought him out everywhere, that is everywhere except in the barber shop where Bill worked. Once in a blue moon he would meet Bill on the street, but it was always at a time when he hadn't a sou in his pockets. On these rare occasions, however, in his cheery manner, he always greeted Dyer cordially, never once mentioning the twenty-five cents.

The sailor had been a world traveler and adventurer in his sailing days and liked nothing better than to spin yarns of his incredible adventures in faraway lands. But he wasn't the only one in Tip Top who could excel at Tall Tales. We knew of Jim Stretcher "from Missouri" who was there when it came to drawing the long bow, especially in telling of the fertility of his native State in growing good crops, and of his encountering wild beasts in the low land bordering the

Mississippi River. Also Ebenezer Q. Duck of the Buckhart ranch down in Texas could "lay it on thick" with his monstrous yarns, he also having been a sailor before he took to punching cattle in the Lone Star State.

The gang that hung around Rufus Applesnack's grocery store in Bloomfield where Frank had his School of Athletic Development, mostly old and worn out old-timers of the town's early days could and did put it on in style about how things happened when they were young, and I mean they did have some harrowing experiences—to hear them tell it, that is. In some of the earliest Tip Tops Danny Griswold, "Dismal" Jones and Bink Stubbs were all to the mustard when it came to cracking chestnuts of those old days. Soon after Dick Merriwell entered Fardale there came to the school a Britisher, one Billy Bradley. Billy could never understand the American ways, and could never see humor in our jokes. But when explained to him and he would "see the point" he would tell it from the English point of view; then he would proceed to laugh and scream till it was ludicrous, while his chums looked on in glum silence which made him so mad he would tear his hair and roar in rage, saying Americans were so dumb they could see and understand nothing at all. I thought him one of the best comedians in the stories.

The death of Capt. Wiley was announced in a footnote on a page in No. 584. He hadn't appeared in a Tip Top for almost a year. It was said he was killed in a train wreck. I believe this to have been in 1903 or 1907. I always hoped someone in the area who might have known something about the circumstances would write in and give us some information, but never saw such.

Readers wouldn't give in and kept writing to know of Cap't Wiley and when he would appear again. Finally to satisfy these writers, Burt L. Standish wrote "The Wonderful Adventures of Captain Wiley" and it was published serially in Top Notch Magazine, then reprinted in New Tip

Tops 77 to 81.

One reader wrote in when Tip Top was nearing its end and asked the editor to give him the whereabouts of Capt. Wiley. The editor replied, "In paradise, we hope!". Like Lincoln said I believe "with charity for all," even to such as Cap't Wiley. But —.

As for Bill Dyer, I have an idea he, too, went to his grave without ever having received from Wiley the quarter Wiley owed him for "that shave."

EXCERPTS FROM LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

Dear Ed: I am trying to locate copies of Edwards short stories, which were published under his own name, Edward Lee in The Target, The Classmate and The Pioneer. These were Sunday School type magazines or papers. Would you by any chance have any ideas as to where such items might be located? If anyone has copies with stories by Lee, I would be happy to get even a xerox copy of them, if the owner did not want to part with them.—Bob Chenu, 16 Faragut Road, Merrick, N. Y. 11566.

RECENTLY PUBLISHED ARTICLES CONCERNING DIME NOVELS

MANKIND, THE MAGAZINE OF POPULAR HISTORY, Vol. 1 No. 10, December 1968, \$1.00, 8060 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. 90046. AMERICA'S ROBIN HOOD, by Kent L. Steckmesser. A brief biography of Jesse James and the Robin Hood mystique that grew from his crimes. Dime novels and other popular literature are given due credit for their part in the making of the legend.

REAL WEST No. 68, February 1969—50 Charlton Building, Derby, Conn. 06418. WILD BILL, THE MAN AND THE LEGEND PART II by Thomas A. Frazier, Jr. A review of the dime novels about Wild Bill Hickok and their impact on the legend that grew about him. Numerous illustrations of Wild Bill dime novels and a list of all Wild Bill dime novels published.

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NEWSY NEWS

By Ralph F. Cummings

J. Edward Leithead, 5109 Cedar Ave., Philadelphia, Pa. 19145, writes that he doesn't have any copies of Westbrooks "American Indian Series" that came out in 1910. He says it made a good start with Dick Drew fighting desperadoes, Indian tribes, etc. and ran for 8 numbers, then they switched to Northwest Mounted Police stories, but they still had Indians in them. He's never seen a copy since he was a boy—they were booklet size novels like the early Jack Stanfast stories. Any of them around, he would like to get some.

SOME REAL BARGAINS

Jack Wright reprints in Pluck & Luck \$1.75; Frank Reade in Wide Awake Library \$1.75; Tip Top Lib. No. 6 to 52 in original colored covers \$3.50 to \$5.00; Comic Lib. \$1.50; NY Dime Library \$1.00; others. No brittle stuff, all in good condition with good covers.

Guinon

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WANTED

Good condition copies of Diamond Dick, Jr., Weekly Nos. 475, 523, 558, 559, 560, 566 and Wild West Weekly Nos. 119, 193, 194, 220, 228, 373, 377.

J. Edward Leithead

5109 Cedar Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.
19143

WANTED

College Sport Series—Chadwick, Rival Pitchers, etc. 1st edition gold lettering in very good to fine only. Also wanted College Life Series and Clif Stirling by Patten, 1st edition deluxe, very good to fine.

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